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Choice Poetry.

CONNECTICUT.

BY HUGH PETERS.

There's music in the gush of streams,
When winter leaves the land,
There's music in the April breeze,
Which, beautiful and bland,
Comes rushing from the far South-West
Towards the burning zone —
There have such in *Connecticut*.
"My beautiful, my own."

There's music in the voice of birds,
Hailing the coming morn —
There's music in the blast of bugles,
And in the hunter's horn —
There's music in the laugh of girls,
A thrill in every tone —
Such girls as those, *Connecticut*,
"My beautiful, my own."

They say there's music in the air,
Up in the deep blue sky —
Where angels point, from golden harps,
To eternity and joy —
I used to think I heard it there,
When standing all alone,
At midnight, in *Connecticut*,
"My beautiful, my own."

The rushing wind which curls the sea
And fans the sultry day,
And on her thin wheels whistles through
The leafy aisle of may —
And that which whistles the hills with snow
Has music in its mouth —
Those hills of thine, *Connecticut*,
"My beautiful, my own."

There's music in the deep low tones
Of holy men at prayer —
Which steals up from our worldliness,
Our memories, our cares —
Now it peals on the ear heard around
The hearth's pure altar stone —
O Sundays, in *Connecticut*,
"My beautiful, my own."

There's music in the homes of
The free and blessed mother,
Where first her eager glances spy
His boyhood's fairest, idol —
I love such music, when in dreams,
All wearied, I recline —
I visit thee, *Connecticut*,
"My beautiful, my own."

There's music, ay, in every thing,
The earth, or sea, or air —
The earth is vocal where she hears
The world's low whispers, prayer —
And those from thine and hill I've heard
Go up to God's high throne,
In thy fair land, *Connecticut*,
"My beautiful, my own."

Pictures of Life.

EVELYN VILLARS;

OR,

A COUNTRY NEIGHBORHOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ISABEL DENISON."

CHAPTER I.

They grow in beauty side by side.—Mrs. Hemans.

"How do you do, Mrs. Villars?" said Mrs. Melville, rising to receive a morning visitor; "it is really kind. I did not know that you were home back from Brighton."

"We only came back last night, but I came to see how you all were."

"Thank you, all quite well. This is really kind. And how did you get on at Brighton?"

Mrs. Melville hurriedly ran through a list of questions, as, who was there, whether it was empty or full, if the sun had been hot, had it rained or not, and Evelyn and Mr. Villars had bathed, or taken warm baths, to all of which satisfactory answers were given.

"And where is Evelyn? why have you not brought her? Clarice is breaking her heart to see her again."

"I was not able to let you see Evelyn this morning," replied Mrs. Villars, hesitatingly; "but I assure you she is no less anxious to see Clarice again."

"Ah, yes, I dare say; they are very fond of each other, but Clarice is really impatient—she is so very tender-hearted."

"So is Evelyn—so very tender-hearted—it quite makes me anxious, sometimes, to unusual in a child of her age. I assure you, she cries so dreadfully if the least thing affects her—parting from Clarice or from her father, or if she sees a very poor person, that it is quite painful to see—so very tender-hearted."

"I feel so just like Clarice—she cries—that is to say"—Mrs. Melville's conscience smote her that she was what schoolboys call bouncing, as Clarice rarely, very rarely cried—"if she does not it is because—your little thing—she knows it is no very painful to me to see, that she suppresses her feelings, but the tears stand in her pretty eyes like dew-drops. There she goes," as a children voice was heard outside the door. "Clarice, come in, and speak to Mrs. Villars."

A little girl of six or seven years old came into the room. She was very fair and very beautiful, and she went up to Mrs. Villars with a quiet ease and self-possession unusual in so young a child. Mrs. Villars looked at her with a critical, cloring air, then kissed her. The little girl looked up to her inquiringly.

"Is Evelyn ill? why is she not here?"

"She is quite well, thank you," said Mrs. Villars.

"Will she not come soon?" she asked, anxiously.

"Yes, I hope you will soon see her."

"That will do, Clarice," said Mrs. Melville; "don't keep Annette waiting. You had better go out while the sun shines."

"How well Clarice looks!" said Mrs. Villars, as the door closed; and there was some vexation in her manner.

"Yes, indeed, she does; I never saw her looking better. We have a young man, an artist, staying with us at present, and he is very much struck with her appearance. He says she reminds him of an angel, or, at least, what we fancy angels to be, and he has made several very pretty sketches of her. He says her little face will appear in many of his future pictures. You must let him make a drawing of Evelyn."

"No, thank you," said Mrs. Villars, quickly.

"Why, you must, indeed; we were describing her to him yesterday, and his remark was, 'she must be like a little Helen!' Pray, let me send him to call at Wilmington."

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Villars, with much embarrassment, "but Evelyn is too young at present."

"Oh, she is as old, and older than Clarice—you must patronize our young friend; I assure you he is quite capable upon it."

Mrs. Villars was spared the trouble of another refusal by the door bursting open, and the entrance of two children. A dark, bright little girl, with deep blue eyes and cheeks like a peony, flew up to her mother.

"I couldn't help it, mamma; could I, Clarice? I'm very sorry. I was only just peeping out to see if you were soon coming, and Clarice saw me, but I didn't know she was there. I'm very sorry, mamma."

"Well, never mind, Evelyn," said her mother, impatiently; "just speak to Mrs. Melville, and run away with Clarice."

Mrs. Melville fixed her maternal eyes on the little girl, and the cause of Mrs. Villars's strange conduct was soon apparent. Evelyn had lost her teeth, and, as she had a merry, smiling, and not, perhaps, classically formed mouth, the loss was but too striking.

"You see," said Mrs. Villars, in a tone of great vexation, as the door closed again, "she is not fit to be seen at present; she lost her teeth at Brighton."

"So I perceive," said Mrs. Melville; "it is a very anxious time, it is such a chance how the second teeth come."

"You appear to forget that Clarice must also lose her teeth."

"Oh, no! but I have no fears for Clarice; her mouth is so beautifully formed. I took her to see Cartwright, last year, in London, and he said he never remembered having examined so perfect a mouth."

"That is just what Walker at Brighton, said of Evelyn. I assure you, I am not the least uneasy."

"Oh, no, I dare say there is no reason, only Evelyn shows her teeth a good deal, which makes it important, but I have no doubt the new ones will be quite straight."

Mrs. Villars could not quite recover her equanimity, and soon rose to go.

"Must you go?" said Mrs. Melville; "this is but a shabby visit, but I hope we shall soon meet again. Clarice will break her heart if she does not see more of Evelyn, she is so affectionate, poor little thing." As she spoke, Mrs. Melville threw open the drawing-room window. "Annette, send the young ladies home directly. Mrs. Villars can not stay."

As Evelyn came in, she again rushed up to her mother. "I'm sure, I'm very sorry, mamma, but Clarice says she does not care about my teeth, a bit—and do you know, she says she is sure she shall soon lose hers, for one is quite, quite loose."

"My dear Clarice, said Mrs. Melville, anxiously, "come here; you never mentioned this."

The statement of the little girl proved on inspection to be correct; one of her front teeth was very loose. This restored Mrs. Villars to good-humor. She was most cordial in her farewell, most pressing in her entreaties to Mrs. Melville to pay her an early visit at Wilmington. "Evelyn will have no peace till she sees Clarice again," was her concluding remark, as she passed with her hand upon the door; "she is so affectionate, poor little thing—it is quite remarkable in so young a child."

The above conversation is but a specimen; one among the many which took place during the childhood of Clarice Melville and Evelyn Villars. Born within a few miles, and within a few weeks of each other, only children, and exceedingly lovely, their rivalry began before they were many months old, and was steadily carried on during thirteen years.

Mrs. Villars and Mrs. Melville were fond mothers, there is no doubt; but there is also no doubt that the affection of each was increased tenfold by the circumstances in which they were placed—the desire of each parent that her own child should outshine the other, so riveting their attention upon one object, that their minds were incapable of admitting any other. Their rivalry continually brought them to the brink of a separation, and total breach of friendship, for Mrs. Villars was not-tempered, and so Mrs. Melville had early taken the line of supremacy in Clarice's very perfect style of beauty, the former lady was in a continual state of excitement and ruffled feeling, and words were occasionally exchanged which it was hard to forget; but on the brink they stopped; the very quarrels had become necessary to their daily life, and so, in friendship and enmity, in calm and storm, they struggled on for upward of fourteen years.

Meanwhile, the little girls grew up, side by side, in unconscious beauty; the contention of their parents never extended itself to them. Different, strangely different in character, they were only alike in this, that no thought of selfishness or vanity ever tainted their minds, and, while the rivalry of their mothers brought them continually together, the only effect upon the children was, to form a bond of union and affection as strong as the love of sisters.

CHAPTER II.

She was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleamed upon my sight
A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament
Her eyes, as stars of twilight fair
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time's earliest, brightest dew,
A dancing shape—an image gay
To haunt, to startle, to waylay.
Wordsworth.

At the end of thirteen years, two events interrupted the friendship and the rivalry between the families. Mrs. Villars died, and embarrassment in his affairs compelled Mr. Melville to sell his small estate in Hampshire, and to retire for some years to the Continent. The separation of the two families was soon followed by a total cessation of intercourse. Evelyn and Clarice attempted for a time to keep up a correspondence, but Mr. Melville's movements were so uncertain, the loss of letters so frequent, and, if received, the delay in answering them so great, that it tired the patience of the young girls too severely; and though each remembered the other with great affection, three years had elapsed at the time that the story commences, without any communication what-ever between them.

Evelyn Villars, a beautiful girl of nearly eighteen, sat at breakfast early one morning, with her father and a person who had been her governess, and who remained as her companion, now that the years of regular education were passed.

Mr. Villars hurried through breakfast; he was a country gentleman, a magistrate, and a farmer—usually in a hurry, and fond of being so.

"Here, Evelyn," he said, as he hastily got up, "I really have not time, this morning, to answer any letters; put those away for me, and then I must get you to answer yourself—it is from Harcourt—you will see what he says; I shall be very glad to see him and Henry too, who is with him."

"Oh! yes, papa, I shall be very glad to write that; we have not seen Mr. Harcourt, for two months; and Henry—why it must be nearly two years—how glad I am that he is come back! When did he come?"

"I don't know; I had hardly time to read the letter; you must look at it and answer all the questions. And stay, Evelyn; as they are coming, I think we may just as well have a few people. I have not given a dinner for a long time, I have been so busy, but this will be a good opportunity; I dare say I shall see some people to-day who will do for dinner; but you must write for me to Miss Law, to ask her if she and Bob will come and spend a few days with us; ask them for Friday next; I want Bob to look at my farm."

Evelyn made no answer, but by a shudder and a very face.

"Nonsense, Evelyn. I wonder, Miss Drake, that you allow Evelyn to make faces at her fellow-creatures. Just write those letters, my dear, before post-time; and mind that you write civilly to Miss Law."

"Oh, yes, papa! of course, I will; it is only that if there is one thing in the world that makes me shudder all over, it is Miss Law; and I know that you feel the same, papa, if you would but say so."

Mr. Villars laughed. "Never mind, Evelyn; we must be civil to our neighbors." And he left the room.

"Now, Miss Drake," said Evelyn, very unceremoniously pulling her governess out of the breakfast-room, "I shall want your assistance; for papa never gave me a letter to write before. I am glad that at last he thinks I am fit for something; just sit down there, and think a little about grammar, while I get myself ready."

Seizing a large ball of worsted, she proceeded to get herself ready, by throwing it several times across the room, and rushing from one end to the other to catch it; at last, she came breathless and sat down. "Oh, Miss Drake! I do feel so very happy this morning!"

"Don't you generally feel happy, my dear?" inquired her grave, matter-of-fact governess.

"Oh, yes, always! but still I think I feel particularly happy to-day; I feel in such good spirits, that I should like to leap over the chairs, and behave quite like a child. Ah! I see what you are thinking! you mean that I behave like a child always; but, now, Miss Drake, you would not like me to be as grave and steady as you are always—would you? I dare say you made a noise sometimes when you were young."

"Perhaps I did, my dear—I don't remember."

"And yet, do you know, I don't think you did. I think you must have been a very good child. Were you ever naughty, do you think? I should like to have seen you!"

"My dear Evelyn, I think you are talking a great deal of nonsense. You had much better write your letters."

"So I will; but it was the letters that made me talk, because I was going to tell you why I feel so very happy this morning. You see, Miss Drake, I think that sometimes Wilmington is a little dull. I think I rather like society—just a little—for a change. I like to see this long room with more people in it than papa, and you, and me; and sometimes I do wish to put some of my pretty gowns on. You like society, too, don't you Miss Drake?"

"Yes, my dear, I like every thing."

"So you do; that is just what I have often wondered at; and do you know that I don't quite like it. I like people to have their likes and dislikes; however, I suppose I must not talk any more. I will begin with Mr. Harcourt. I must just read his letters over. Now, don't look at me while I am writing, please."

There was a silence.

"Now, Miss Drake, how do you think this does? I will read it to you; 'My dear Mr. Harcourt'—"

"You should not say 'my dear,' my dear Evelyn. Young ladies do not say 'my' to gentlemen—it is not proper."

Evelyn put up her eyes. "Oh, dear—oh, dear! how tiresome it is about propriety! I never shall understand it. How did you learn all about it, Miss Drake? Now it will give me the trouble of writing this all over again, and make me waste the nice bit of paper!"

"Oh, no, my dear! don't waste the paper." Miss Drake was a strict economist. "I only tell you, Juliet, that you must remember in future. As Mr. Harcourt is not a very young gentleman, perhaps it may not matter with him."

"No, I dare say he will never think at all about it; I am sure I should not. Now, listen, Miss Drake.

"'My Dear Mr. Harcourt'—

"Papa was obliged to go out this morning, and so he desired me to write and say that he should be very glad to see you. But as I write, I will write for myself, and tell you that I thought you had forgotten us, and that I can not help saying how I am to think of seeing you again, and Juliet, too; and I hope you will stay a long time. I want your advice about a great many things. I am your very affectionate,

"'EVELYN VILLARS.'"

With the vision of the wasted paper before her, Miss Drake was guarded in her expressions of disapprobation.

"The letter is pretty well, my dear. As I said before, Mr. Harcourt knows you so well, that, dear say, he will excuse—but it is not the proper way to write to gentlemen. You must not call frequently tiresome, my dear; and the young lady is well thought of who does not guide her conduct by the rules of propriety and discretion. It is not the first time that I have had to remind you of it."

"Oh, no, Miss Drake! it seems to me that it is always coming in the way. But you think that, for this once, it will not signify. Mr. Harcourt is not like any body else, you know. I should be very careful myself, if it were a stranger."

"But, my dear, you have forgotten about Mr. Egerton."

"Oh, dear, so I did! But it will do in a post-script. I always see a postscript in your letters, and I think that it looks rather nice. But it was very odd that I should have forgotten about Henry, for we talked all that time about it. And of my head, because I like him better than almost any body—he is so very funny; and I am so glad to think of seeing him again. You don't like him, I think, Miss Drake?"

"Oh, dear! I like every body; but I think Mr. Egerton used to be rather selfish and thoughtless. I dare say he knows better now. But you are losing this whole morning. Write your note to Miss Law, my dear Evelyn, and let us get to our usual reading."

Spoiled in her childhood by her mother—in her youth by her father—rather controlling than being controlled by Miss Drake—Evelyn Villars, at eighteen, was still a child in everything but the name—with the faults alike and the virtues of an earliest years. Pure, true, transparent as the day, sweet-tempered and unselfish, she was also thoughtless, self-willed, volatile, and petulant. Yet, taken all in all, with the charm of her character, of her beauty, and of her rank, engaging manners, she was one of those bright beings, on whose fate in life it is impossible not to ponder with melancholy interest; one of those whom we involuntarily address in the touching words of Moore—

Wherever I see those shining eyes,
All fixed in hope, and self, and faith,
As if no cloud could ever rise
To dim a Heaven so purely bright,
I ugh to think how soon that brow
In grief must lose its every trace,
And that young heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

CHAPTER III.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit yet more fair,
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food.
Wordsworth.

A loud yawn from Evelyn Villars, as she threw herself in a chair in the passage leading to her bed-room, was the conclusion of the Friday evening's entertainment.

"After all, Miss Drake, I don't think I do like society. People don't seem to suit, and it's all very tiresome. I did not like this evening half so much as I expected."

"I am sorry to hear the way, my dear; when we look forward to a thing too much, we are most likely to be disappointed."

"I do think you have collected a great number of the most disagreeable ideas," said Evelyn, rather pettishly; "it was not tiresome, but people make themselves tiresome. That Miss Law! it is quite impossible to enjoy anything when she is in the room."

"I don't see how she can have spoiled your enjoyment, my dear Evelyn; for I don't think you spoke to her once during the whole evening."

Evelyn slightly blushed.

"I hope you did not mind talking to her, Miss Drake; I really could not help it."

"Oh, no, my dear! I like Miss Law very well; but I hoped you had enjoyed yourself, for you seemed very merry with Mr. Egerton."

"Yes, I should have enjoyed myself very much if it had not been for Mr. Harcourt; but I don't like Mr. Harcourt to be bad fault with me. He came up and said, 'I'm sorry to see that you think more of yourself than of your guests;' and I could not help talking to Henry, could I?"

"I don't know, indeed, my dear."

"I begged him then, and I begged him before, to go away—I said either to or I must go and talk to Miss Law, but he said I should not stir, and that he did not come from London to talk to a nasty old maid. So, could I help it?"

"I am afraid Mr. Egerton is still selfish, my dear Evelyn."

"Oh, no, not selfish! and, as to talking, Miss Drake, I was very near asking Mr. Harcourt why he did not talk himself to Miss Law, instead of sitting quite silent, as he did; only I don't like to be impertinent to him."

Mr. Harcourt is very uneasy about Miss Juliet. I think that made him more silent than usual. She has got one of her bad headaches, and very always seem to frighten him."

"Oh, poor little Juliet!" said Evelyn; "I thought she was only tired. Why didn't Mr. Harcourt tell me? I should have liked to go and see her. I wonder if she wants anything; I must just run and see!" and she was off in an instant. Miss Drake remonstrated, and followed her.

As Evely softly opened the door of Juliet Harcourt's room, she saw Mr. Harcourt sitting by his little girl's bed. He got up, and smiled as she entered.

"Poor Juliet! I did not know you had got a headache," said Evelyn, kindly; "I am so sorry. I hope you are better now."

"Much better, thank you," said the little girl. "I shall soon be quite well; I wish papa would go to bed."

"Oh, Mr. Harcourt!" cried Evelyn, "do go to bed, and let me sit by Juliet. I'm sure I should not be sleepy."

Mr. Harcourt smiled affectionately at her. "Which do you think would be the most likely to be sleepy, Evelyn—you, who always go to bed at eleven, or I, who am always up at one, and later still? Many thanks, though, from me and from Juliet, too, for your kind offer."

"It is twelve o'clock now, my dear Evelyn," said Miss Drake, looking at her watch, and fidgeting—"you had better go to bed, and Miss Juliet will be better, too, if she is quiet." With some difficulty she drew her pupil away.

"Papa," said Juliet, as the door closed, "do you think Evelyn thoughtless or selfish?"

"Why, my dear child, do you ask?" said her father, with some surprise.

"Because, papa, sometimes I see you look so gravely at her, when she speaks; and just now, when she said she would sit by me, you looked quite different, as if you were pleased with her."

"If I do sometimes think her thoughtless, Juliet, I excuse it. She is so bright and so happy, now, I can hardly wish to see her other than she is; for time will teach her to think more, both for herself and for others;" and Mr. Harcourt involuntarily sighed.

The little girl raised her dark eyes to his face. "Do you love Evelyn, papa?"

The father was silent for a moment at his young daughter's question; then he answered her, "Yes, Juliet. I watched her when she was a very young, and very lovely child, and I wondered what she would be as a woman; and now I watch her with even more interest, and wonder what her future life will be. She is my friend's only child, and dear to me," and he bent, and kissed his child's forehead; "but my dear Juliet, we ought to be sleeping, not talking, at this time of night. Will you not try to sleep?"

Juliet obediently closed her eyes, and Mr. Harcourt sat by her side in silence.

Evelyn woke the next morning with the oppression of Miss Law still on her mind. Her conscience smote her for the incivility of the preceding evening; and yet, to entertain her the liveling day! Job never underwent this!" she said to herself. Before she was dressed, she flew to her father's room, to beg him to think of some plan to pass the time away. Mr. Villars laughed, and promised. The result of his meditations appeared at breakfast.

"I suppose you have all the beauties of the neighborhood by heart, Miss Law," said Mr. Villars to that lady, as she sat at his side; "otherwise, it is such a fine day, that I should propose an expedition."

"Don't be afraid with her, Mr. Villars," said Bob Law. "I never can get her to see anything. I had the finest cattle last year that ever were seen, and—would you believe it?—she never once went to look at them."

"I am afraid I am a bad stay-at-home," said Miss Law, sweetly. "Home and its occupations are so delightful, but I should enjoy an expedition, of all things, to-day. We have not often the inducement of such agreeable society."

"Well, then, suppose we have a pleiting thing. What are our chief beauties, Bob? I am always so busy, that I know little more of my own county than I do of Otaheite."

"Duty before pleasure with you—" began Miss Law, but Bob interrupted her.

"Why, my dear fellow, you look at Belford, well worth seeing; or the rope-works at Dawtrey; or, what do you say to Verk Farm? they say old Dixon has some of the most splendid cattle, and it's a pretty spot, too."

"How you talk, Bob!" said Miss Law; "who ever heard of ladies going to see ropes and cattle?"

"If you have nothing better to propose," said Mr. Villars, "I was thinking of Redlynch. I have not been there for many years, but I remember it as a very pretty place, when I saw it. It is only ten miles off, and I hear it is now to be sold."

"It's the very thing!" cried Bob Law; "I have been wishing to get there this week past, but my horses are dead lame. Yes, it's up for sale. Mr. Grant died very much in debt; all the country have been to see it. They say he left some fine stock, too, which is to be sold. There's a ram, they say—"

"Bob, Bob! you forget that there are ladies present. This will be charming," continued Miss Law, turning to Mr. Villars; "just the kind of party I like—no *gene*, no form; and I suppose a cold luncheon, pastoral-like, under the trees."

Henry Egerton, who had hitherto paid apparent indifference to the plans for the day, up to this point, but here he gave a look of inexpressible disgust at Evelyn. She hastily interfered.

"I think, Miss Law, that will hardly be necessary; if we have luncheon at home earliest hours, it will save all the trouble of taking it with us."

"Oh! but, Miss Villars," said Bob, "you spoil the whole party. 'What is a party without cold chicken?' as my father used to say. Do you remember a day last Spring, Lavinia, when we went to Summerhill, and we had chickens and pies, and ham and sherry, and champagne even, and a very pleasant day it was? that was the day that Captain Miller proposed to Miss Wells, and that sort of thing!"

"Oh! yes, I remember; and how delicious our luncheon was under the trees. It reminds one of the olden time, Mr. Villars, where all was calm. Do you agree with me."

"As to the luncheon to-day," said Mr. Villars, smiling, "certainly, if you wish it." Miss Law bowed gracefully to the compliment. "Ether-eyed, if I did not know that ladies' appetites were both incomprehensible and insatiable, I should have said, with Evelyn, that it was scarcely necessary."

"Oh, Mr. Villars, for shame!—how can you be so severe! Gentlemen make ladies provide, and then avail themselves of what they call ladies' weaknesses, as we shall see to-day;" and she smiled archly.

Mr. Villars rose hastily from breakfast, to avoid the confusion of not having the smallest intention of joining the party.

As they were all leaving the breakfast-room, Henry Egerton drew Evelyn aside.

"I tell you what, Evelyn: long me if I am caught at Wilmington again! You know how I hate those friends of yours at the best of times; and now, if I am to see you all guessing chicken-bones, my nerves can't stand it."

"I'm sure, Henry, I am quite as sorry to have them here as you can be; but I will protect the luncheon, if possible, and they go home to-morrow, after church—have ascertained that. Now, don't be cross, just for this one day. See, it rains," she said, running to the window. "I know Miss Law don't like to wet her feet, so we shall escape the luncheon now, do come and help me to talk to her, for a little while—there's a kind Henry."

"How I hate women!" said Henry, as he followed his cousin into the drawing-room.

CHAPTER IV.

Those loving, serious eyes—
The sum of another world doth in their brightness lie.

After an hour's duty in the drawing-room, Evelyn took her work, and went up to sit with Juliet Harcourt, who was still confined to her room.

The little girl was lying on the sofa, and deeply engaged in drawing, for which she had a precisely natural talent. There was something about her which was painful to see. She was beautiful—but it was a saddening beauty. The transparent fairness of her complexion, through which every vein was discernible, the brightness of her dark hazel eyes, and the flush that went and came upon her cheek, all spoke too plainly of the doom Heaven gives its favorites—early death." The expression, too, of her face was painful; there was in it an almost unnatural calmness and thoughtfulness, and though her eyes at her father, and those who were accustomed to see her, beheld her without any fearful degree of interest, to a stranger, she always appeared as one passing from this world—almost as one already belonging to another.

She looked up from her drawing as Evelyn entered. "Oh! thank you, Evelyn, for coming when you are so busy. I did not the least think you could have come this morning."

"Oh, yes, Juliet; I always come, if I can, for you know I like sitting with you better than any thing in the world—except," she added, after a pause, for she was truth itself, "when you are in great pain. And then, if I can do no good, I don't like to see it—for I don't like pain and suffering of any kind. But let me look at your drawing. Oh, how very pretty!"

It was a kneeling figure of a nun; and, though there were some youthful faults in the execution, the conception of the attitude and the expression of the face would have done credit to a more experienced artist.

"But why," continued Evelyn, "do you always draw such very grave things, Juliet? I can't think why you do."

"I suppose, because I am grave myself," said the child; and dreary things never come into my head. I can't fancy them—but, if you would think of a subject for me, that you would like better, I should like very much to try if I could do it."

"Let me see," said Evelyn, pondering—"I think I should like a girl, very much in love—I like that sort of thing very much—could you do it, do you think?"

Little Juliet laughed. "I will try, Evelyn; but I'm sure I don't know how she ought to look. You must describe her to me. Is she to be happy, or unhappy?"

"Oh! happy, for me," said Evelyn, shaking back the curls from her own radiant face. "I don't like unhappiness, I like every thing to be as bright as the sun. She must be happy, certainly—I will try and describe what I think. I think she should be leaning, with her arms upon the table, and her eyes looking down, as if she was thinking, but still not grave; just smiling a little—only a little, however, because I don't think love is ever merry, is it? And I think this will make a very pretty picture—will you try it?"

Juliet took up some drawing-paper, and Evelyn sat down to her work-frame, and for some time both were silent. Suddenly Evelyn stopped, and looked up. "Do you know, Juliet, I should like very much to be in love; at least, what I mean is, that I should like very, very much that somebody should really love me."

"Don't you love your papa love you?" asked Juliet, raising her dark eyes, inquiringly.

"Oh! yes," said Evelyn, gravely. "I suppose so; but—"

"Perhaps, your papa does not love you enough," said Juliet, "not like mine—for I can't fancy wishing for any thing else; but I dare say very few people have a father like mine."

To tell you the truth, Juliet, I think very few have. I was thinking last night, how much I should like Mr. Harcourt to watch me, if I was ill—with the most perfect gravity, as Juliet looked at her, with a kind of smile. "My papa never thinks of such a thing—however ill I may be, he will not leave his study. I think that I get very ill sometimes, and then he goes out, just as usual."

"But then, you never are very ill, are you, Evelyn?"

"No; perhaps not very ill, but not at all comfortable, sometimes. What I should like would be somebody to think of me all day, and take care of me, and even teach me; I should rather like that, Juliet, if it was a nice person, and all to myself. But there, now, I have put a black stitch in my little boy's cheek. How tiresome it is!"

In occasional conversation, and occasional instance, an hour passed happily away; for there was but little difference in the intellect of the happy, thoughtless girl of eighteen, and the grave, intelligent, suffering child of ten. They were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Harcourt; he seated affectionately at Evelyn, to thank her for her visit to his little daughter, and then drew a chair to Juliet's side.

Mr. Harcourt was almost six-and-thirty, and had been for seven years a widower. He had married early, and married unhappily. Though a young man of good sense, good feeling, and good principle, none of these good qualities had prevented his being led away, by a foolish, passionate, ill-judged by the beauty of a young Italian girl, whom he met with accidentally in his travels, he married her after an acquaintance of three weeks, and he repented of it for life.

Ellen Harcourt was beautiful, and not without that quickness of imagination which is common to her country-women; but she was vain, frivolous, and selfish; ignorant, jealous, restless, and excitable; and the four years of Mr. Harcourt's married life were years of misery—of misery to herself and to those around her. Her days were spent in dressing, and receiving and returning visits; her evenings in dressing, and going to balls and parties; her nights in sleeping off the fatigues of the day. She despised her husband's quiet, retiring habits, and ridiculed his love of literature; and, when Juliet was born, she left her husband's house, and went to Paris, where she remained for two years, and then returned to England, only to die.

Mr. Harcourt had married from a romantic passion, and he had been bitterly punished for it; but he was a man of strong mind, and he had risen above his misfortune, and had devoted himself entirely to the education of his child. He had succeeded in making her all that he wished, and he was proud of her; but he was also fearfully anxious about her, for he knew that her life was in danger, and that the slightest illness might be fatal.

Mr. Harcourt was a man of very superior mind and manners, and Evelyn was always delighted to be with him; but, on this occasion, she was not quite at her ease. She had not seen him since her visit to Brighton, and she was aware that he had been displeased with her conduct on that occasion. She was also aware that he was displeased with her conduct at present, and she felt that she deserved it. She had left Juliet, when she knew that she was ill, to go and talk to Henry Egerton, and she had done so, because she was amused, and because she liked it; but she knew that Mr. Harcourt would not understand this, and she felt that he would be right in not understanding it.

Mr. Harcourt, however, was not unkind. He talked to Evelyn as he always did, and Juliet's pale face lighted up with pleasure at her presence; but Evelyn felt that he was grave, and that he was thinking of her conduct, and she was glad when Miss Drake came in, and relieved her from the necessity of talking.

Mr. Harcourt rose to go. "Juliet, my child, I am sorry to leave you, but I have a visitor coming to dine with me, and I must go and dress. Evelyn, I am glad to see you looking so well; I hope you will often come and see Juliet."

"Oh, yes, I will, indeed, Mr. Harcourt," said Evelyn, eagerly; "I am very fond of Juliet, and I am very sorry that I have not been to see her before; but I thought that you were displeased with me, and I was afraid to come."

"Displeased with you, my dear child! why should I be displeased with you?"

"Because, because—I am afraid I was very rude to Miss Law, and I am very sorry for it, and I am very much ashamed of myself, and I hope you will forgive me."

"Forgive you, my dear child! I have nothing to forgive, but I am glad that you have come to see Juliet, and I hope you will often do so."

Mr. Harcourt left the room, and Evelyn felt relieved from a heavy weight. She had not offended him, and he was not displeased with her.

"Miss Drake," she said, "I am so glad that I have been to see Juliet; I am so fond of her, and I am so sorry for her, and I am so glad that Mr. Harcourt is not angry with me."

"I am very glad, my dear, that you have been to see Juliet, and I am glad that Mr. Harcourt is not angry with you; but I am sorry that you should have thought it necessary to go to see her, when you knew that he was displeased with your conduct."

"Yes, I know that I was very wrong, but I could not help it, Miss Drake; I was so very much amused, and I was so very much tempted, that I could not help it."

"Yes, my dear, I am afraid that you are very much tempted to be thoughtless, and I am afraid that you will be very much tempted to be selfish, if you do not take care."

"Oh, Miss Drake! how can you say so? I am sure that I am not selfish; I am sure that I am very fond of Juliet, and very sorry for her, and very glad to see her, and very sorry that I have not been to see her before; and I am very sorry that I was rude to Miss Law, and very sorry that I was thoughtless, and very sorry that I am tempted to be selfish, and very sorry that I am selfish, and very sorry that I am every thing that is bad, and very glad that I am every thing that is good, and very sorry that I am not every thing that is good, and very glad that I am not every thing that is bad

quiet—so different to every body else. I always fancy the angels must be like her, and she always gave me the feeling as if she hardly belonged to this world."

"Well, you have described her pretty well, Evelyn. She is unlike everybody I ever saw.—You could not help looking at her again, if you met her."

"Did you like her, Henry?" again inquired Evelyn.

"She asked a great deal about you. It was the only subject which seemed to excite her."

"Dear Clarice! How very nice! I wonder if I shall ever see her again? Is there any chance of her coming back to England?"

"No—she said she had given up all hope of it. Mr. Melville has become used to Rome now. He has taken to antiquities and geology, and all that sort of thing; and Miss Melville says she thinks he is happier than he was in England."

"And what does Clarice do?"

"She paints in oil and water colors, and draws in chalks, and goes to the Galleries to copy pictures, and she plays quite beautifully. Oh, she's very accomplished and very clever! She beats you, Evelyn, out and out."

"Ah, I dare say! I'm not very clever, I am afraid, though papa does say that my singing is rather nice sometimes. Did you like Clarice, Henry?" asked Evelyn, for the fourth time, totally unconscious that there had been an appearance of evading her question.

"I tell you, liking depends upon taste," answered Henry, after a moment's thought. "To my mind, she is not beautiful, nor attractive, nor, indeed, most women are. Perhaps that might come into your character of an angel."

"Oh, no, not heartless!—Clarice is not heartless—very quiet, generally; so quiet, it makes one feel quite strange with her, but not heartless. I never shall forget her the day before she went away from Cleveland. I found her in her room, crying so dreadfully—it quite frightened me."

"People may feel much a very natural thing at leaving the home of their childhood forever, and yet be heartless in general. Depend upon it, I am right; Miss Melville may be a saint or an angel, or whatever you may please to call her, but she has no feeling."

"I am afraid you don't like her," said Evelyn, examining Henry Egerton's face.

"Now, do look at Miss Law—what can she be talking about? Poor Mr. Harcourt looks quite pale, with that woman's tongue, and how she smiles! Do let us go and relieve him, Evelyn."

Evelyn was not very clear-sighted, and the peculiar nature of Miss Melville's heartlessness escaped her. In fact, to her, all thoughts of love and lovers were as a passing dream; and no more. She occasionally thought how much she should like some one to be attending to her all day long, the compliment, too, of having somebody in love with her, she thought, would be, to use her favorite expression, "very nice;" for she certainly had an insatiable thirst for praise and admiration, but these were only occasional passing thoughts. Like a child, she still lived in the full enjoyment and satisfaction of the present moment. For the same reason, Bob Law's constant hints about "catching" passed unperceived over her mind.—Of the devices sometimes practiced to obtain husbands, she had scarcely heard, and, if she did read or hear of them, it seemed to her so unnatural, that she did not think about it. For herself, her idea of matrimony was this: some day, perhaps, she should meet with somebody "nice" whom she like her very much, indeed, and if they did, why then she thought it was most likely that she should like them; and then, she supposed, people married.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Extract from History.

THRILLING STORY OF THE HUNGARIAN WAR.

From a volume noticed in our list of new publications,—"Scenes of the Civil War in Hungary, by an Austrian Officer,"—we take the following tragic story, showing the devotion of the Hungarians, and their love, to the cause of their country. We must premise that the Austrian party under the writer's command, have sought quarters in an Hungarian mansion:

At the tramp of horses and the clank of swords, the porch door opened, and an old man, a kind of steward, followed by servants with great lanterns, came forward asking what we were, and what we our errand. I replied that I was an officer of the Emperor and King, belonging to the army of the Ban; and requested, in the first place, to be conducted to the master of the mansion. The man obeyed, though with some reluctance, and led me into a spacious hall, which, by the dim light of a lamp, appeared to be a sort of ancestral hall. Large pictures were hung upon the walls, and between them swords, muskets, old armor, and arms of all kinds.

Here the servants made me wait while he went to announce me; and I availed myself of this moment to take off my cloak, to set my hair to rights a little, to fasten my dolman close about me, to tie my sash properly; in short, to make myself as presentable as I could. The old man gently came back, conducted me along a corridor, and then opened the folding doors of an apartment, whence issued a brilliant light of tapers.

Somewhat dazzled, I entered the apartment, which was most splendidly lit up, where a lady of handsome lady received me with a polite, but proud obeisance. I was just going to introduce myself, and to apologize for my unbidden visit, when she extended her hand to me with the loud exclamation of joy,

"Ah! Baron W——!"

I now recognized her. It was the Countess St——, the Milan beauty, the wife of my old comrade, St——, who once saved my life in Bologna, and who, after his marriage with the fair Marchesa B——, had obtained leave to resign, and retired to his lordship in Hungary; and I now found myself, without having suspected it in his mansion.

Being called by his wife, he made his appearance immediately, and cordial was our embrace. He was still, as he ever had been, Magyar, with body and soul; and told me frankly that he should long since have gone to Kossuth, had he not been restrained by the solemn idea of being obliged to fight against his most comrades; but he assured me that he would yet do so.

I advised that we should not talk of political matters, but rather think of old times; and his wife approved the suggestion. By-and-by came his master, the young Countess Heiring, the most beautiful Hungarian female I had ever seen; and that is saying a great deal.

St—— gave me his word of honor that we were perfectly safe from any surprise by the enemy, and my men were abundantly supplied with wine and meat; and, while they made themselves comfortable outside, I found myself in Paradise, between two beautiful and amiable females, opposite to a friend whom I had not seen for a long time, and before a glass of exquisite tokay. All weariness vanished, and we joked and laughed half the night, forgetting the war, and Kossuth, and national hatred.

Two days I rested in St——'s mansion, as a little respite was highly desirable for both men and horses. The eyes of the Countess Helene began to be dangerous for me; but upon such the soldier must be shining questions. On the third morning, with a tear in my eye, I pressed St—— to my breast, kissed the cheek of his wife and his sister, the latter plucked a rose bud for me as a keepsake, my trumpeter sounded to horse, and away we dashed.

When next they meet, it is under different circumstances.

We had—as we so often have had—a serious engagement with the Magyars, in which there were, on both sides, at least ten or twelve thousand men in the fire. On this occasion the enemy again had a numerous and excellent light cavalry, and had the skill to employ it on ground favorable for himself; so that our infantry was repeatedly exposed to the most violent attacks, and had the greatest difficulty to ward them off.

Two squadrons in particular, of very well organized and magnificent hussars, distinguished themselves by their furious charges on the Croatian infantry battalions, and could at last not be compelled to retreat but by several discharges of grape, which made dreadful havoc in their ranks.

The leader of this corps, a man of tall, regular figure, in the rich dress of a magnate, mounted on a superb, spirited gray stallion, which he managed with great dexterity, was indefatigable in always rallying his men, and leading them anew against the infantry. He galloped to and fro with so much unconcern, as if the balls whizzing around him were but mere hails, continually flourishing his glistening blade.

The figure of the rider seemed to be well known to me; and I could distinguish his features, as we were drawn up in rear of our column of infantry, at the distance of some hundred paces from him.

Twice he had escaped, unhurt, the fire of our infantry; when, as I have already mentioned, some guns, which had meanwhile come up, began to fire with grape. He seemed not to heed the first discharge, for I saw him, still brisk and animated as ever, galloping about at the head of his men. The second must have been directed better; for when the smoke cleared off, I could perceive horse and rider on the ground.

At the same moment we received the signal for charging. The ranks of our infantry suddenly opened, to let us pass through, and we advanced at full gallop upon the enemy's horse. These at first retired precipitately, to get beyond the range of our cannon; then rallied, and drove us back; we did the same by them; and so we went on, till at length, as it is usual in Hungary, the whole dissolved into single combats, in which men to engaged hand to hand with man.

It was nearly dark when, with my troop, some of whom were killed, others severely wounded, I reached the main body. Scarcely had we assembled, and, tired to death, I was about to stretch myself by the watch-fire, led with the run of houses which had been pulled down, when an infantry soldier, appointed to hospital duty, came to inform me that an officer of the insurgents, dangerously wounded and taken prisoner, having heard my name, wished to speak to me.

In spite of weariness, I immediately followed my guide to the hurdle-shed, which was fitted up for an hospital. Dismal was the appearance of this dark, low place, scantily lighted by the hand-lanterns of the surgeons and attendants, who, with their blood-stripped sleeves tucked up high, and with aprons equally bloody, were busily engaged. The wounded lay close to one another upon dirty straw, which in places was quite wet and slippery from the blood upon it. Loud sighs, moans, groans, gnashing of teeth, mingled at times with curses, in the Bohemian, Polish, Hungarian, German and Croatian languages. I was obliged to rally my courage, lest I should be scared back.

In the furthest corner of the long building, on a bed of straw, lay the wounded prisoner who wished to speak to me. How was I shocked when the light of the attendant's lantern fell upon his face, and I recognized Count St——!

On our march through Croatia to Vienna, I had passed two days at his mansion; had seen him in the society of his charming woman—the wife and his sister—in the full enjoyment of happiness; and now, in what a state was I doomed to find him! St——, a Magyar to the inmost fibre of his heart, had indeed then told me that he should take up arms for Kossuth; but thus to meet him again, was not in my power!

Kneeling by the side of my pale friend, whose noble countenance bore the evident impress of speedy death, I grasped his cold hand and asked in what way I could be serviceable to him.—"Thank you for coming," he replied, in a voice scarcely audible, and this effort manifestly caused him great pain—"I heard that you were here, and I sent for you. I am dying—my chest is shattered. When I am dead, take the pocket-book out of my uniform, and send it to my wife, who lives at K——; it contains my will and other papers."

Here he made a long pause, during which I strove to cheer him.

"Don't talk thus—'tis of no use—we part as friends—I have fought for my country—you are faithful to your colors."

I pressed his hand in silence.

"Where is your sister Helene?" I at length asked.

"With the army," he answered—"she is fighting for Hungary."

It was now a considerable time before St—— could utter a word. He moaned gently; and a regimental surgeon, who came to us, significantly made the sign of the cross with his finger.

At length, after a full hour, he suddenly raised himself, and said—

"So—now 'tis all over—salute Marie (the name of his wife)—Marie!" and with that he stretched himself out, his eye-strings broke, and his spirit fled.

With tears in my eyes, I took, in obedience to my friend's last injunction, from the breast-pocket of his uniform, his pocket book, which was so stained with blood, that the writings in it had become almost unelligible—cut off several locks of his fine black hair, and of the curling moustaches which had always been his pride—and took the rings from his fingers; to send as speedily and as safely as possible to the unfortunate widow. The chief surgeon promised me that St—— should be decently buried and alone; and so I had done what I could.

St—— had been one of my most intimate friends in the army. For years together, as cadets and officers, we had been almost inseparable.

I had always wished to spend a few months on leave of absence upon his fine estates in Hungary—and now I had buried him as my enemy!

A few days afterwards my heart was doomed to suffer another severe wound. We had been battling about with the Magyars, as we so often were on a white moor—for the whole country was covered with snow. The three Croatian battalions of ours had got into a rather serious affair, with a strong body of the enemy's infantry, and had in the end driven it back from the ground. We, too, had pushed on pretty far, and had driven the enemy's horse opposed to us from the field. We had also taken some of his forage wagons, with wine, bacon, and maize-flour—a most welcome prize to us, as old friends in a strange land.

Mine was, as usual, the forwardest troop of the advanced guard, and my posts were pushed on to a considerable distance against the enemy.

As this part of the country was pretty well stocked with growing wood, the want of which in the plains, my hussars had kindled a prodigious fire, the flames from which rose high into the air; roasted and boiled at it in high glee; and circulated the wooden camp-bottles, once more replenished with wine, at the same time singing their songs in full chorus, as though there were not an enemy far or near; and they had the happiest and pleasantest life in the world.

I could not participate in this joyous mood; an indefinable melancholy possessed me, and, much as I otherwise like to see my hussars enjoy themselves of an evening at the watchfire, and to hear them sing, it was now disagreeable to me. As I was, moreover, apprehensive that my vedettes might fall asleep

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A JUST REPLY.

Mr. Calhoun, in the course of his recent speech in the Senate (read by Mr. Mason), made use of the following singular language in relation to the United States:

"What was once a Constitutional Federal Republic, is now converted in reality into one as absolute as that of the Autocrat of Russia, and as despotic in its tendency as any absolute Government that ever existed."

In reference to this extraordinary charge, Mr. Cass recently spoke as follows:

"We lose all our confidence in the force of language, and in the authority of years and intellect, when such extravagant assertions are presented to us. Is there a man in this broad land, who does not know, and feel instinctively, that he is free? And yet he is told seriously—not in an extemporaneous debate, such as we are now engaged in, when no man should be held to a rigid accountability for his expressions—but in a prepared speech, written and printed before its delivery, and laid upon our tables immediately after —and I believe, sent through all parts of our country contemporaneously—we are told, I say, that this is the most despotic Government on the face of the earth! And who tells us so? One of the most distinguished men of this country—a man who has rendered her important services, and occupied high places in her councils, for more than one-third of a century—possessing the highest intellect and unspotted integrity, and who has won a world-like reputation! What will be thought and said of this in Europe—in Republican Europe—in Monarchical Europe? Why, sir, it is on its way to Siberia already. It will be transferred into every paper on the Eastern Continent, and even the Siberian will be stimulated, that he lives under a paternal Government far better than that Despotic Democracy, nicknamed the Pattern Republic, on the other shore of the Atlantic—thus characterized by one of its most renowned citizens and highest officers. All this has serious injury to the cause of freedom throughout the world. Out of our own mouths we are condemned. Let an American go to Europe, and if he come back, and does not say that this is not the worst Government on earth—that if he does not say it is the best—let his countrymen cast Stygian ice per manent upon him. He is irretrievably both. Another word, and I abandon this topic.

"Mr. President, I am going to give one proof, not interchangible proof, that will not be contradicted, and which, indeed, admits of no contradiction—that this, instead of being the most despotic, is the freest Government in the world. I ask every one in the Senate Chamber, actor or auditor, whether under any other Government now in existence—be it a Constitutional Monarchy, an Aristocracy, a Democracy, or a Despotism—if such a speech as that we heard from the Senator from South Carolina, could be delivered with impunity? That is the question I ask. Look to Europe, to Asia, to Africa, for an answer, if you need one. He who should make such an experiment in St. Petersburg, would find himself on the road to Siberia in half an hour, and in Constantinople, he would find the bow string around his neck in the same time. In England, I would send him to Australia, where many a good man has been transported for language less significant. There is not a country on the face of the earth, where a man could make such a speech with impunity. I thank God that this is so, and that a man may say here what he pleases, and as he pleases. He may assail the Government with perfect safety, its principles, its practices, and its tendencies; and there is no one to make him afraid. All this but provokes investigation, and the more our institutions are investigated, the stronger will they become in the hearts of the people, who will continue to love the Government, which has given them a greater measure of prosperity than any other people ever enjoyed, and will support and defend it against all assaults. Such sentiments never struck my ear before in this high place, and, I trust I may never hear them again."

[COMMUNICATED.]

MEETING OF WOMEN.

The Annual meeting of the *Home Association for the relief of destitute, employment and instruction of females who have had immoral lives*, will be held at the lecture room of the Museum building, (entrance on George street,) on 5th day, (Thursday,) April 4th, at ½ o'clock, P. M.

Women of all denominations are invited to attend, and become acquainted with the proceedings of the society.

We hope they will not turn a deaf ear to our appeal; that those who have been surrounded by pure and kindly influences from their childhood, and maturity have been watched over by anxious, loving hearts, will not idly cast aside the claims of those, their sisters, who are striving to emerge from darkness into the light of day,—to rise from the pit of degradation and crime into which they have fallen, and become virtuous and useful members of the society in which they live.

Housekeepers are informed that in consequence of the numerous applications of virtuous women for homes and employment, the Society, a year since, opened an Intelligence Office for women and children at the Institution No. 404 North Eighth Street. During that time they have procured situations for upwards of four hundred respectable women. We hope our friends, in both city and country, will remember our office when they have occasion to change domestics. We have more applicants than we can provide with situations.

Individuals and families can have tailoring, dress-making, and plain sewing done at the Institution. Ladies are taught *dressmaking* by a lady in the parlor of the Institution. Dress scales for sale.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 142—adults 60 and children 82.

Congressional News.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 19th, the Senate resumed the consideration of Mr. Clay's compromise resolutions.

Mr. Badger expressed his decided preference for the resolutions of the Missouri Compromise line in the Territory to the Wilmot Proviso, even granting the power of Congress to pass it, it was highly reprehensible and useless. He thought that it an adequate measure for the extension of fugitive slaves be passed and the Proviso be dropped, all the pending difficulties might be settled permanently and with satisfaction to all.

He was not opposed to compromises. The Union itself sprung out of compromise. In the spirit he was willing to withdraw all objections to the admission of California, either with or without modification of her boundaries, and this on his part was yielding much. Let the North, he said, drop the odious Proviso—let it cease to have any immortality for mischief—let it give to the South a measure of security in their property, and then admit California. If they desired also to exclude the foreign slave trade in the District of Columbia, let them abolish it. His vote, and that of his colleagues, would be given in aid of such a measure.

Mr. Cass wanted to know of Mr. Badger whether he designed to be understood as proposing the extension of the Missouri Compromise line.

Mr. Badger replied in the negative. He had expressly said that that line would not be extended, though he would be willing to vote for it.

Mr. Hale next addressed the Senate in reply to Mr. Calhoun, especially with reference to the history of slavery as stated by him as the cause which led to the destruction of the equilibrium between the two sections of the Union. He cited various historical facts to show, for the purpose of showing that the principle of the Wilmot Proviso, minus though it is now deemed, has been time and again established by Congress.

The real cause which tended to destroy the equilibrium, according to Mr. Calhoun, was the Missouri Compromise. That measure, he contended, had been adopted and maintained by the South. The third cause was the passage of the Oregon Bill. Could it possibly be that the Senator seriously intended to assert that a measure so recently passed had operated with such rapidity as already to have created such feelings in the South that she could not remain in the Union?

He proceeded thus seriatim to take up and reply to the various assertions made by Mr. Calhoun, exposing what were alleged to be glaring inconsistencies in his charges against the North. Without concluding his remarks, he gave way to a motion for adjournment, which was agreed to.

On the 20th, Mr. Foote addressed the Senate for the first time since the difficulty with Mr. Borland.

After the usual morning business, the Senate resumed the consideration of Mr. Clay's Compromise Resolutions.

Mr. Hale resumed and concluded his remarks in reply to the Senator from Georgia, Mr. Berrien, with reference to the slavery agitation. He denied that abolitionism had grown and become powerful in the North in consequence of the great political parties of the North. On the contrary, it had attained whatever position it now occupied despite those parties. In illustration of this position, he referred to the various abolition meetings which had occurred in various places at the North, in years past.

Mr. Dawson, (interposing)—Said that he believed that there was one mob in Dover, N. H., to which the Senator had not referred. He hoped that an explanation of that occurrence would be given.

Mr. Hale said he had never heard of any such mob. The Senator must have found that in the same book which contained false accounts of abolition emissaries being cast among the slaves, to excite them to insurrection.

Mr. Dawson—Will the Senator not tell us something about a mob in Dover, and state whether any member of this body had any connection with it, and what?

Mr. Hale said he never had heard of such an occurrence. He had heard of a meeting held there at which the question of slavery was discussed, and in which he participated and took the constitutional ground, just as he designed now to do—defending the constitutional rights of the South. (Laughter.) That meeting, however, exhibited nothing like the spirit of a mob, nor did it approach to it anything like as much as the Senate does sometimes. (Renewed laughter.) There was no violence—no attempt at violence.

He then referred to the charges of certain members that the Abolitionists interfered with slavery in the States, which he most emphatically denied, by reading from what appeared to be a journal of their proceedings. It was their opinion that Congress could abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. But they had never asserted that Congress could abolish slavery in the States.

He had been said that Texas had been annexed to the United States, but this was not true, for the United States had been annexed to Texas.—This annexation was brought about to sustain the institution of slavery. He agreed with Mr. Webster in 1848, however he might differ with him in 1850, because it was then against the extension of slavery, under *all* circumstances, and against all *compromises*. He differed also from Mr. Webster in the opinion that the resolutions adopted at the time Texas was admitted were binding upon this Government. He, for his part, should always be willing to declare to Texas, and to discharge his constitutional duty; but he did not consider himself bound to carry into effect these resolutions—for the Constitution does not authorize both Houses of Congress to make a compact, and this is in the nature of a compact, and therefore as Congress has exceeded its duty, the Constitution does not bind him in this case.

Mr. Rusk asked Mr. Hale if he considered that Texas was a State of the Union, entitled to all the privileges of the various States?

Mr. Hale said he considered Texas entitled to all the privileges of the various States, and was properly admitted into the Union, because Congress had the power to admit States, but not to make treaties. He was in favor of re-enacting the laws of God, and here again he was obliged to differ from Mr. Webster; because all nations, all societies, had uniformly re-enacted the laws of God. Had not the laws of God prohibited murder? Did they not discountenance stealing? Yet had not Massachusetts re-enacted those laws.

The next question which he would consider, was the bill for the capture of fugitive slaves. He objected to the bill because it recognises nothing else but slavery. It was against the principle that a man was presumed to be free until the contrary was shown. It authorized any man to be seized, without an appeal to the *habeas corpus* —without a trial by jury—merely upon an affidavit that he was a slave, and hurried off to a slave State, without any regard to his right, which was in violation of every principle of justice. He would say, once for all, as much as he loved the Union, that if the citizens of his State could not be secure from seizure, could be dragged from the State, without being able to make any resistance, he was for Disunion. This bill authorized the seizure of any man simply upon affidavit. He would support a bill to carry out the provision of the Constitution on this subject, but he could not support any bill which was not in accordance with principle of freedom. He felt himself bound to oppose it.

Mr. Cass (interposing) put a question not distinctly heard by the reporter, but understood to call for an explanation of the principle under which Mr. Seward, after taking the oath to support the Constitution, could refuse to carry out the provisions—because he believed them to be in contravention of the laws of God.

Mr. Seward—I stand by every word I uttered on that subject, on the occasion referred to, as it is recorded. I made explanations to make here or elsewhere—my positions are not without explanations. I have only to say that my connection is in my own keeping, and that the connection of others are in theirs. They will take care of their own, and, by God's help, I will take care of mine.

Mr. Cass made no reply.

Mr. Hale continued. He believed the excitement in the South was occasioned by the inflammatory speeches of politicians, and did not originate with the people. The Senator from South Carolina, (Mr. Calhoun,) in his speech declares that an amendment to the Constitution is the only ground on which the Union can be preserved. That is subverting the present Constitution, and substituting in its place a provision recognizing slavery, in order to preserve the equilibrium. This is a very modest request, to be sure; and this he asks to be done now, or the South will secede. What does this amendment mean? It does not require that the population of the North shall not increase—or that the slave States shall have an equal number of Representatives in Congress, that the equilibrium may be preserved!

Messrs. Butler, King, and Foote denied that Mr. Calhoun attempted to speak for the South.

Mr. Hale read several passages in which Mr. Calhoun says what the South objects to, and what will please the South—if that was not speaking for the South, what was it?

Mr. Foote reminded Mr. Hale that Mr. Calhoun expressly denied that he spoke for the South.

Mr. Hale admitted the statement, and said that with the explanation the inference was regular, that when Mr. Calhoun said the South, he meant himself. (Great laughter.)

In conclusion, Mr. Hale denied that the North were aggressive, and desired to outrage the rights of the South. They did desire emancipation, and the improvement of the condition of bond—they did hope that the day would come when the word slave would be without meaning; but they did desire to operate upon the hearts and consciences of the people of the slaveholding States, and hoped to secure their hearty co-operation in bringing about that day. Any suppression of every character should not be place in any country upon earth. They asked not the aid of human government to bring this about; they knew perfectly well that, under the Constitution, Congress had no right to give such aid; but they did ask, in justice, that the Government be not put in the way of this work.

On the 21st, Mr. Seward presented a petition from Captain Cook, of the British barque Sarah, asking compensation for losses incurred in rescuing the passengers and crew of the American ship Caleb Grimshaw, destroyed by fire at sea. Mr. Seward expressed the hope that adequate compensation would be made. Referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs.

After the reception of petitions, Mr. Foote rose to present certain resolutions of instruction passed by the Legislature of Mississippi, in relation to the subject of slavery, and proceeded to address the Senate in reply to a series of articles lately published in the National Intelligencer, in which a parallel is run between the Hartford Convention and that proposed to be held in Nashville.

In the course of his remarks, Mr. Foote referred to the Nashville Convention as one which would be held in the event of certain obnoxious enactments taking place, which he now trusted never would occur. He was well assured that that Convention, if forced to assemble, would prove that those who had called it, and who attend it as delegates, are lovers of the Union, and particular citizens.

After the transaction of some additional routine business, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of Mr. Badger's resolutions in relation to removals from office of the present administration.

Mr. Smith having the floor, addressed the Senate in reply to Mr. Bradbury's speech on the subject, defending the President from the charges of having violated the Constitution, in confining himself into the Presidential Chair, and perjured himself before the people. These charges had been made and reiterated, day after day, from the very moment almost that Gen. Taylor took the oath of office down to the present time. If well founded they branded the Executive not as a dishonorable, perjured man, unfit and unworthy to hold the high office in which the people have placed him. The facts in the case were simply these: Gen. Taylor, in the least degree. They were false, malicious, and unfounded. He examined the resolution, and drawing a comparison between it and the course which of the same character passed by the Senate during Gen. Jackson's administration, he stated that, although the latter was less offensive than the one now under consideration, Gen. Jackson refused to comply with its terms, regarding it, as he did, as an unwarrantable offensive and subversive of the Spanish Inquisition, and expressing his readiness to appeal, for his vindication, to the American people.

Mr. Foote (interposing) begged the Senator from Connecticut to spare the Democratic party, now prostrate.

Mr. Smith replied that he should never believe that party relieved from the presence of the Senator from Mississippi keeps his feet. (Great laughter.)

In the course of his subsequent remarks, Mr. Smith reviewed the Allison letter, and other of a similar character, written by Gen. Taylor prior to the Presidential contest, maintaining that instead of giving pledges, they repudiated them, and insisting that every reasonable inference to be drawn therefrom, with reference to the course which he would pursue in the administration of the government, had been fully and fairly carried out.

On the 22nd, a bill granting a pension to the widow of General Worth was introduced, considered and passed.

Mr. Bell's resolutions, calling for a copy of instructions to our agent employed to visit Hungary, during the war between that country and Austria, are now coming up and passed.

Mr. Underwood presented a memorial against the employment of Captains in the pilot service.

Mr. Benton defended the practice of employing Captains.

The Senate then took up Mr. Bell's resolutions or compromise, upon which the pending question was Mr. Foote's motion to refer to a Select Committee of thirteen.

Mr. Dayton having the floor, proceeded to address the Senate upon the general question of slavery, particularly with reference to the admission of California. He attributed the existing embarrassments to the war with Mexico. This difficulty was foreseen by many Senators, who opposed the acquisition of territory, and in consequence of their opposition was overcome by the votes of Southern gentlemen, who united with the Democrats from the North in forcing the measure through, the responsibility of which rested entirely upon the South. California was the first of the troubles, he continued. He was in favor of her immediate admission without qualification or compensation. He considered the objections urged against her admission as asserting that the position occupied by the opposition is not only impolitic, but inconsistent and unpatriotic. He reviewed the history of the acquisition of those States, contending that the South had always had the advantage in such disposition of the territory of the United States. The South had not fully yearn been led, blindfolded, by the South, and now that the former had, by accident, lost by will or judgment, obtained an advantage, the cry was "compromise," or "secession." If the strength of this Government was ever to be tested, let the issue in God's name, come now. It could never come upon a stronger position for the North, or a weaker one for the South. But he had no idea that such an issue was to be made. He considered the fugitive slave bill, now under consideration, unusual, unnecessary, and calculated to excite irritation in the North to the claims of the South. He was perfectly ready and willing to vote for a proper bill, carrying into effect the provision of the Constitution in relation to the recapture of fugitives from labor. He objected to making every federal officer a slave catcher. The Senate had full authority for all necessary purposes—being empowered to deputize just as many assistants as they think necessary to enable them to fulfil their duties. He was in favor of according to the claimed fugitive the right of trial by jury, and in confirmation of the assumption that a law granting such a right would fill no relief to the South, because the slave would never be given up, he cited numerous cases to show that the claimants would unavoidably be safer with his case in the hands of twelve sworn jurors, than in the hands of a Commissioner. The latter officer would frequently quail beneath the storm of public feeling, while the jury, regarding their oaths, must render a final verdict in accordance with the evidence.

Mr. Dayton also considered the institution of slavery, showing its paralyzing influence upon the energies, growth and prosperity of a State, concluding with an appeal against its establishment when founding an empire upon the Pacific. He was not in favor of the Wilmot Proviso. He stood upon the doctrine of non-intervention, but it forced to vote upon the Wilmot Proviso, he would vote for it. He believed that Congress had the power to adopt it. As to the question of slavery, and the slave trade in the District, and the slavery in Deseret and New Mexico, he had nothing to say—they were not present practical subjects—he was in favor of considering each of these questions before the country one by one, and of disposing of each before the other is taken up.

Mr. Mason took the floor, and the further consideration of the subject was postponed until Wednesday, and the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 19th, Mr. Fuller, from the Committee on Printing, made a report in favor of printing five thousand extra copies of the Report of the Committee on Roads and Canals, setting apart certain public lands for the construction of the Whitney Railroad to the Pacific.

Mr. Rusk said he was opposed to this measure, believing that it contemplated one of the most gigantic schemes of speculation ever known in this country. Give Mr. Whitney ninety-seven and a half millions of acres of the Public Lands, and to-morrow he will laugh you to scorn. The great complaint against the Bank of the United States was that it was in the hands of foreign capitalists. The stock of that institution was $35,000,000, and this immense sum was controlled by twenty-four men. Here was a bill to give away ninety-seven and a-half millions of acres of public land in the hands of one man, with the liberty to assign it to those who might furnish him the money. Foreign capital will be as likely to go into the stock as cotton will be found in its own level. This bill gives Mr. Whitney the power to locate his road within eighteen degrees of latitude, and consequently an influence over the Western States, in addition to the power as a corporation to contract with them. It gives him eighteen degrees on one side, and seventeen on the other, within which to locate the road, and sixty or seventy millions of dollars in property to make it. The lands are to be forever exempted from taxation, thus foreclosing the States from hereafter taxing the lands, and also gives a new guarantee to violations of the Constitution. The act is for ever irrepealable, and Mr. Whitney can command the Government to extinguish the Indian title for his benefit. The bill evidently did not originate with the Committee. It was nothing but a republication of what had been published and circulated in pamphlets. It made Mr. Whitney a perfect Rothschild, and gave him the power never before conferred on man in this country.

Mr. Robinson obtained the floor, and said that to-morrow he would reply to Mr. Bowlin, showing that his remarks were baseless, unfounded and puerile throughout.

The President's California Message was laid aside, and the Committee proceeded to the consideration of the bill to supply the deficiencies in appropriations for services for the present fiscal year.

Mr. Bayly appealed to the gentlemen to confine their remarks strictly to the subject before them. When his bill is disposed of, then the general debate on the California and slavery questions will be resumed.

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Mr. Jones moved that the resolution be laid on the table. Carried—yeas 81, nays 51.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and the Committee proceeded to the consideration of the bill making appropriations for the deficiencies in appropriations for services for the present fiscal year.

The amendment pending was the appropriation for the Clerks in the Department of the Interior. After discussion, adjourned without action upon it.

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Objection being made to the reading, he said he would print the list.

Mr. Bayly gave a minute of his time to Mr. Taylor, who said that there were now fifty-two Democrats more than Whigs in office in Washington.

Mr. Schenck—Did I understand my colleague to say a majority of office-holders in the Department are Democrats?

Mr. Taylor—Yes.

Mr. Schenck—Is there a prospect of correcting the evil?

Mr. Taylor—I think so. (Laughter.)

Mr. Bayly said that Mr. Meredith Howell, as to the large number of Clerks from Virginia, was unfounded.

The amendment appropriating money for the Clerks employed by Mr. Ewing, was amended by the addition of a proviso, that hereafter the Clerks employed in the Land Office shall receive salaries in proportion to the business transferred; and nothing herein contained shall authorize an increase of Clerks in the department over the specification of the act establishing it.

The vote on this stood eighty-five to seventy-nine. The Committee acted on several other amendments, then rose, when the bill carrying into effect the Convention between the United States and Brazil, passed—and the House adjourned.

On the 22nd, the bill reported from the Committee of Ways and Means, appropriating one hundred thousand dollars for the relief of the captors of the Brigate Pitaladelphia, in the harbor of Tripoli, was read a third time, and passed. After the engrossment, Mr. Thomas objected. The Speaker said, therefore, it cannot be considered finally acted upon to-day, and passed.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and resumed the consideration of the Deficiency Bill. The amendment appropriating one year's salary to a Secretary of Legation to Chili was taken up, two thousand dollars being the sum named.

Mr. Bayley moved an amendment, appropriating nine thousand dollars for the outfit of the Minister to Austria, and the same amount of contingent dollars for the outfit of the Charge to Austria.

Mr. McLane said, the effect of affirming this amendment would be to send a Minister to Austria who was improperly sent to Vienna on the eve of the assembling of the Senate. He moved to strike out the appropriation.

Mr. Bayley remarked that his friend from Maryland misunderstood the matter; in the civil and diplomatic appropriation bill last year, the outfit was provided. Col. Webb was appointed and received it; and unless an outfit be given now, in this case (as it was in the case of Mr. Clay) it is not that there should be a Charge there. Our business with Austria is large and increasing, and he was surprised that the gentleman from Ohio, representing the tobacco interest, should be opposed to the mission, when that odious stake from the south Atlantic States.

Mr. McLane withdrew his amendment; the motion was received but decided in the negative.

The question for erecting a Board of Patent Office was read.

Mr. Otis moved an amendment to take the sum of $60,000 for that purpose out of the Treasury and not out of the Patent Office fund.

Considerable discussion ensued. One side insisted that as the wings are not to be occupied by the Patent Office, but for Government purposes, the money ought to come out of the Treasury; that the prices for patents were too high, and ought to be reduced—that the surplus fund ought to be devoted to the encouragement of inventive genius. The other side contended that the Patent-law was on the community at large, and ought to pay for it. The fund of the Patent Office had accumulated, and ought to be expended for the building of the wings.

The question being taken on the amendment of Mr. Otis, it was rejected by 91 majority.

The clause to appropriate four hundred thousand dollars for the removal of the substance of the Indians of Florida, was amended by cutting down the amount one-half.

After some debate, Mr. Evans, of Maryland, offered an amendment appropriating two hundred thousand dollars for the relief of the sufferers from the Portland fire.

Mr. Sackett took the floor, and the further consideration of the subject was postponed until Wednesday, and the Senate adjourned.

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STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

March, 1850	9 o'clock A. M.	12 o'clock M.	3 o'clock P. M.
17	62	68	50
18	54	61	48
19	39	41	40
20	30	39	42
21	30	40	50
22	38	48	55
23	38	52	44

Marriages.

In Johnstown, Pa. on the 14th inst. by the Rev. P. Cahan, Mr. W. J. Hall, of Philadelphia, to Miss Hester, daughter of E. A. Yeakley, Esq. of the former place.

On the 4th inst. Mr. WILLIAM MCCLURE, to Miss MARY NELSON, both of this city. St. Louis papers will please copy.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. John E. Dales, Mr. JONATHAN SERGEANT, formerly of Jersey, to Miss MARTHA L. MANN, daughter of Wm. Mann, all of this city.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Smith, Mr. JAMES PATTON, to Miss ANN PATTON, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. John A. McKee, Mr. CHARLES MCKEE, of Cincinnati, to Miss ELIZA ANN, daughter of Alf. McKelvey, of Southwark.

At the same time, by the same, Mr. JOHN WILLIS to Miss CHARLOTTE MCKEE, both of Southwark.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Wm. H. Higbee, Mr. WILLIAM L. LEE, to Miss MARY WILLIS, both of Great Valley, Chester county, Pa.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. M. Douglass, Mr. JAMES WARDEN, to Miss MARIA CHANCE, all of the city.

On the 13th inst. at the Wheat H. Hotel, Market street, by Alf. J. Mitchell, Esq., I. RAIS, to MARIA ANN H. PETERSON, both of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. J. Aylward, Mr. EDWARD L. WATSON, to Miss JULIA FRANCIS, both of this city.

At Lebanon, Pa. on the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Washington, Mr. LEWIS LOCHMAN, Esq. aged 67 years, to Miss CATHARINE M. PEARSON, of the former place.

At North Va on the 14th inst. by the Rev. J. Nayne, Mr. CHARLES GRAY, of Philadelphia, to Miss ELIZABETH SHOEMAKER, of Norfolk.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. J. Chambers, Mr. A. GRAHAM, both of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Dunn, Mr. THOMAS CAMPBELL, of Ireland, to Miss ANN MARIA WILLIAMS, of this city.

On the 21st instant, by the same, Mr. JAMES PEARCE, to Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of Mr. Thomas Lewis, both of this city.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Shantz, Mr. DANIEL SHANTZ, to Miss MARY HAGEMAN, both of Lower Salford Township.

On the 20th inst. by Alf. J. Mitchell, Esq., Mr. THOMAS L. PETERSON, to ELNA LOFTHOUSE, all of Gloucester county, N. J.

General News.

TEXAS FOR THE UNION.—The Legislature of Texas (almost unanimously, we believe,) recommended that delegates be sent by the people to the Nashville Convention. We have now some of the returns. Four candidates for each of the Congressional Districts were recommended by the Legislature. In Galveston city and county, the people refused to vote at all on the subject. The Galveston Journal, of the 8th, remarks upon the subject:

We have no doubt that the recommendation law, or whatever else it may be termed, passed by our Legislature upon the heel of an appointment, relative to this matter, will meet with just such a rebuke throughout the entire State.

At Houston city, 7 votes were cast for the Convention, and 163 against it. In Harris county, half millions of acres of the Public Lands, and to half millions of acres of public lands, and to-morrow he will laugh you to scorn. The great complaint against the Bank of the United States was that it was in the hands of foreign capitalists. The stock of that institution was $35,000,000, and this immense sum was controlled by twenty-four men. Here was a bill to give away ninety-seven and a-half millions of acres of public land in the hands of one man, with the liberty to assign it to those who might furnish him the money. Foreign capital will be as likely to go into the stock as cotton will be found in its own level. This bill gives Mr. Whitney the power to locate his road within eighteen degrees of latitude, and consequently an influence over the Western States, in addition to the power as a corporation to contract with them. It gives him eighteen degrees on one side, and seventeen on the other, within which to locate the road, and sixty or seventy millions of dollars in property to make it. The lands are to be forever exempted from taxation, thus foreclosing the States from hereafter taxing the lands, and also gives a new guarantee to violations of the Constitution. The act is for ever irrepealable, and Mr. Whitney can command the Government to extinguish the Indian title for his benefit. The bill evidently did not originate with the Committee. It was nothing but a republication of what had been published and circulated in pamphlets. It made Mr. Whitney a perfect Rothschild, and gave him the power never before conferred on man in this country.

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Mr. Jones moved that the resolution be laid on the table. Carried—yeas 81, nays 51.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and the Committee proceeded to the consideration of the bill making appropriations for the deficiencies in appropriations for services for the present fiscal year.

The amendment pending was the appropriation for the Clerks in the Department of the Interior. After discussion, adjourned without action upon it.

On the 21st, the House resumed the consideration of the bill to supply the deficiencies of appropriations for the present fiscal year. The amendment pending was the appropriation for the Clerks in the Department of the Interior.

After considerable discussion, Mr. Bayly rose to close the debate, but gave way to Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi, who wished to read a statement, showing the policies of the gentlemen in office at the commencement of this administration.

Objection being made to the reading, he said he would print the list.

Mr. Bayly gave a minute of his time to Mr. Taylor, who said that there were now fifty-two Democrats more than Whigs in office in Washington.

Mr. Schenck—Did I understand my colleague to say a majority of office-holders in the Department are Democrats?

Mr. Taylor—Yes.

Mr. Schenck—Is there a prospect of correcting the evil?

Mr. Taylor—I think so. (Laughter.)

Mr. Bayly said that Mr. Meredith Howell, as to the large number of Clerks from Virginia, was unfounded.

The amendment appropriating money for the Clerks employed by Mr. Ewing, was amended by the add

Selected Poetry.

THE MILL-MAID.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Now comb her golden hair away,
Meekly and sorrowfully fair,
She waited for the closing day—
Poor broken-hearted maiden!
The ring from off her finger slip,
And fold her hands together;
Throw little lover's sweets on her lip
Will trouble like a feather.

Each Sabbath time along the aisle
Her step more fairly sounded,
The light grew paler in her smile,
Her cheek less softly rounded;
But never sank we in despair
Till with that fearful crying,
"The mill-wheel of the grist-mill hair
And lily hand is dying!"

When the dim shadows o' the birch
Above her rest are swaying,
The pastor of the village church
Shall bless the place with praying;
Dressing in rosemary and bay
A loved and lovely lily-moon,
Blown by the winds of Paradise
To Jesus' folding bosom.

The mill-wheel for a day is still,
The grist-mill turned its sighing,
The little homestead on the hill,
Looks sadder for her dying;
But see the third time in the spire
The Sabbath Bell is ringing,
Not one of all the village choir
Will miss the mill-maid's singing.

FROM THE PLACER TIMES, SACRAMENTO CITY.

TO ——.

BY STEPHEN C. MASSETT.

Oh! lady, take these buds and flowers
And twine them in thy sun-brown hair,
And I will weave for thee a wreath
Rother than any queen could wear.
For they shoulder have a coronet
Not glittering with costly gems;
The primrose and the violet
Shall be thy queenly diadem!

The jessamine kask shall be thy throne,
The lavishest bloomings for thee
Shall breathe their fragrance, while the song
Of nightingale and humming bee
Shall be thy music, and the shade
Of leafy bower and myrtle green
Shall yield for thee a grateful coolness
Where thou shalt dwell in peace serene.

Then lady, take these buds and flowers
And twine them in thy sun-brown hair,
And I will weave a fragrant wreath
Rother than any queen could wear.
For offerings of gold and gems,
Lady, I would not bring to thee;
But weave a wreath whose blossomings
May bloom in immortality!

Selected Tale.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR APRIL.

THE DARKENED CASEMENT.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

"I see her now—I kneel—I shrink—
I stamp her vesture—but she fades, still fades;
And she is gone; sweet human form in grace!
'Tis only when they spring to heaven that angels
Reveal themselves to you."
Browning.

From that time the voyages of Captain Preston were not so long as formerly, and he often spent many months, sometimes a year or two with his family. His frequently spoke of resigning his seafaring life altogether, but was ever concluding that he was not yet in a situation to render the step a prudent one for his business interests.—Finally, when he had been about fifteen years married, he set out on what he intended and promised his family should be his last voyage. He was at this time the father of three children; the son, of whom we have spoken, a beautiful, high-spirited boy, and two daughters, Pauline and Louise—the first greatly resembling her father, the second very like the mother.

Captain Preston was pained to leave his gentle wife looking paler and more thin than usual, and to observe, for she said nothing of it, that she was troubled with a slight cough. Yet he was of a most hopeful spirit, and even as he heard her low voice, and saw her faint smile, so much sadder than tears, he trusted that the coming summer would bring her health, and more cheerful spirits.

Mrs. Preston had usually a remarkable control over her painful emotions, and was peculiarly calm in all seasons of trial; but at this parting, she clung long and closely about her husband's neck—it seemed that she could not let him go.—She buried her face in his bosom and wept and sobbed in irrepressible anguish.

At last, unwinding her fond arms, he resigned her, half fainting, to the care of her sister, hastily embraced his children, and rushed from the house. He heard his name called in a wild, pleading voice, yet he dared not look back, but ran down the long garden-walk, and paused not till he reached the road. Here he turned for one look at his home, ere a thick clump of pines should hide it from his sight. He lifted his eyes to that pleasant window looking out on the sea, and there stood Dora, weeping and waving her slender white hand. He drew his cap over his eyes, turned again, and hastened down to the harbor.

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Our young gentleman was shown a seat in front, near the platform on which were ranged the "patent pupils"—" beauties, every shade of brown and fair."

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And such hair!—it was wondrously luxuriant, most precisely curly, but rippling all through in small glossy waves, just ready to roll themselves into ringlets, and of that peculiar, indescribable color between a brown and a bright auburn.

Preston, who felt that the possessor of such magnificent hair must be beautiful, would undoubtedly on a night at the face of the fair gymnastician; but, without turning her head, she stepped quietly back, took up the comb, quickly rearranged her hair, and went on with her problem. It was not until this was finished, and she took her seat among the other pupils, that Preston had a full view of her face. He was more keenly disappointed than he would have acknowledged, when he saw only plainness, in place of the beauty he so confidently expected. Yet Dora Allen was by no means absolutely plain; her features were regular and her complexion extremely fair. She was only thin, was and somewhat spiritless in appearance. Her face was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"—with thought her young eyes seemed shadowed, her young brow burdened. But there was a sweet and lovable spirit looking out from the depths of those dreamy eyes, and hovering about those quiet and almost colorless lips, which told the observer that her rare intellectual attainments had not stood in the way of her simple affections, to hinder their generous development.

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CHAPTER II.

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Wit and Humor.

HOW TO RIDE INTO A PRACTICE.

When a man and his horse differ seriously in public, and the man feels the horse has the best of it, it is wise for the man to appear to accommodate his views to those of the horse rather than risk a defeat. It is best to let the horse go his way—and pretend it is yours. There is no secret so close as that between a rider and his horse.

We know a young dumpling-shaped doctor, at Edmonton, who rode himself into a considerable practice, by being seen flying about the country in all directions, on a run-away tit that he had bought at Tattersall's on the strength of its having no mouth.

"This is lot 24," said Tat, as a wiry and spriggtailed bay came wincing and hitching up to the hammer, looking sideways to see who she might kick at; "a bay mare, six years old, a capital hack, has carried a lady, and has no mouth. What will any gentleman give for the bay?—forty guineas?—forty guineas?—thirty guineas?—twenty guineas?" and hearing not one word go down to even and back again without injury. These buildings will be more desirable than any other, and may be taken apart in a few hours, and reput together on another site with entire facility. Having been taken apart, one may be packed in a small space, as the whole is in small sectional pieces, so as to be fitted for rebuilding, and for changing the form, or extending in either direction, or in the height, within a few hours, without preventing its use while being so altered or added to, and without loss of any of the material of the original building.

The doctor, as he said, "stopped their gallop." Not another bid was made.

"Sixteen guineas," repeated Tat; "any advance on sixteen? All done at sixteen guineas!—going at sixteen guineas!"—*bang*—and the mare was the doctor's.

But, though the doctor had stopped the bidders' gallop, he couldn't stop the mare's; and many were the mishaps that befell him, whether he would or no. At first he fought with her,—we are sorry to say with but indifferent success; for if the mare couldn't dislodge him by kicking and plunging and rearing, she had no scruples about coming back over upon him—a disagreeable disposition for any one, especially for a doctor with bottles in his pocket.

"Hang it!" said the doctor, as he picked up the remains of the third eight-and-sixpenny gossamer, and tried to restore it to the shape of a hat; "*this won't do.* I must walk to my patients" (he had two, one at each end of the town,) "and ride when I've nothing to do." This was a wise resolution of the doctor's and served him well. The next time the mare started as if she was shot, and wheeled round to be off, instead of checking and fighting her, he gave her her head, riding her with a slack rein, and saluting his friends as he passed, as though it was all right, and as though he were both of a mind. The doctor's sugar-loaf hat being now seen bobbing around the country in all parts, people began to talk about him and his practice—wondering who he was attending; must be a lady, or somebody that was very ill.

Wet! Dat galloping for hard life!"

Another said, "the young man seemed to have a lot of practice."

A third, "that he seemed a great economist of his time."

A fourth, "that he would get on;" and a fifth sent for him.

This being a very follow-my-leader sort of world, others did the same, and the doctor soon established.

DRY GOODS.—The following incident occurred, as we learn from good authority, in one of our stores on the other day:

"Buy any butter here?" said a country customer, who walked into a dry goods store on Market Square, and looked much like a character who knew a vast deal more about himself than he cared to tell.

"No, sir," replied the merchant, "we don't wish to buy any."

"Want to buy any eggs?"

"No, sir, we keep a dry goods store here."

"Eh! Wal then may be you would lane to buy some chickens—fat as pigs and a mighty sight nicer fur."

"No, sir. I tell you we don't deal in anything but dry goods."

"Coulds I sell you a nice quarter o'pork?"

"I tell you, sir, we deal in dry goods exclusively here."

"Wal, what'll you give for *dried apples*?"

A DELICATE HINT.—A Dutchman from the West went to pay that Excellency the President a visit. He happened to call just as the President and four others were sitting down to dine. The President asked him to be seated, at the same time inquiring if there was anything new or strange in the country.

"No, I think not, except a dat mare has much five calves."

"Ah—indeed—and do they all suck at one time?"

"No, sir," replied the Dutchman; "four or ten such while the thudder looks on—dat as I dunk!"

The hint was so magnificent that a clean plate was immediately ordered, and the Dutchman seated at the table, where he partook of a comfortable dinner with his Excellency the President.

THE USE OF LANGUAGE.—A certain Tipperary gentleman, whose name is too familiar for me to print, once called upon a countryman in Paris, and, after ringing stoutly at the bell the door was opened by a very smartly-dressed "maid," whose *grisette* style of dress immediately seemed to pronounce her to be French.

"Is Capitaine—eat Monsieur O'Shea at?" asked he in considerable hesitation.

"Ah, sir! you're English," exclaimed the maid, in a very London accent.

"Yes, my little darlin'! I was asking for Captain O'Shea?"

"Ah, sir! you're Irish!" said she, with a very significant fall of the voice.

"No," as he afterwards remarked, "my French shocked him, and he spoke English; and my English that I was Irish."—*Macaulay.*

INGENIOUS FACT.—The Abbe Regnier, Secretary of the French Academy, was collecting in his list from each member a contribution for a certain purpose. The President Rosen, one of the forty, was a great liar, but had paid his quota, which the Abbe not perceiving, he presented the list a second time. Rosen, as was to be expected, said he had already paid. "I believe it," answered Regnier, "though I did not see it." "And I," added Fontenelle, who was beside him, "I saw it and I believe it not."

SOUND MISCHIEVOUS.—A devout but simple Egyptian proclaimed during the season of Lent, that the church-bell was rung every day, and not understanding it, he turned one day to a brother in the church, and asked him what there bell was rung for so often.

"Why," said his friend: "it is Lent."

With charming simplicity, he replied, "*Lent*—who has borrowed it?"

☞ Why is a minister like a locomotive? We have to look out for him *while he toll rings.*

Science and Art.

IMPORTANT INVENTION.—We yesterday witnessed the operation of a small Saw Mill, constructed upon a new and singular principle—that of mill-stones. The inventor is Mr. Amos Jarnett, of Pottawattamie County, Iowa, who, in company with several of his brethren in the Mormon faith, are now in this city. Mr. Jackson has spent many years of toil, and large sums of money, in perfecting his invention, and our impression is that the method now presented will entirely supercede the mills now in use.

This mill is built in such a manner as to derive its entire propelling power from the weight of the log to be sawed, which is accomplishes in the following beautiful and entirely novel manner. When the carriage leaves, are fixed upon bearings that enter into the frame, the opposite ends are provided with large segments of a cog wheel working into a series of cog wheels and pinions; thus, it will be seen, that when the log is pushed forward on the saw, its weight is brought to act with great force through the segments, upon a shaft having several intermediate gearings to increase the speed sufficiently for driving the saws; and—

When we consider that the weight of saw-logs is commonly six or eight thousand pounds, we may judge of the immense propelling power thus obtained; indeed, the fact is, that means will have to be used to check and regulate the velocity of the descending mass, as the segment describes its arc. If the principle, when carried out, answers any thing like as well as the one we have witnessed, we cannot see what use there can be for steam, water, or any other power than that used by Mr. Jackson for saw-driving.—*St. Louis Republican.*

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GREAT HYDRAULIC PRESS.—The greatest Brunah press that ever was constructed was made and used for the elevation of the tubular bridge over the Menai Straits. The cylinder of it is eleven inches thick; its piston is 56 inches in diameter. Its weight is 16 tons, and the whole press 40 tons. Its power of lift is equal to 30,000 men, and it can squeeze water 10,000 feet high. Water is called to work," but science has chosen it to overcome the mighty, for by two streams of water the mighty tubes, weighing as much as some of our finest ships, (1,300 tons,) were lifted 100 feet high, and placed firm on their foundations.

NEW INVENTION.—A new box for railroad car wheels has recently been invented, which promises to make a great saving in oil and power.—The box requires no oil at all and never heats.—The power gained is so great that a car on which those boxes were used, loaded with iron, was moved easily by one man, which required six men to move with the old boxes.

INDIA HOUSES.—A young man in New York has invented a new mode of constructing iron houses: It embraces a rigid frame of cast-iron pillars, with other parts of sheet-iron. Pillars of peculiar construction are placed at equal distances, and each interlocks with the girders and cross sills, as well as the lintels, door and window frames, and all the parts which require to be firm, or to brace other parts. The panels are of sheet-iron, as also are the floors, ceilings, and shutters for the doors and windows. To every part of the house there is an interior and an exterior wall, leaving an air-chamber between; this renders each room fire proof, and each, if desired, may be made fire proof. The roof is also of iron, and over couples to the walls and floors. The frame may be ornamented in the casting as taste shall dictate, and the whole may be painted to perfection, equal to the finest fresco work. The house will resist any kind of atmosphere in the most perfect manner, and when put together is so strong that it may be turned over and back again without injury. These buildings will be more desirable than any other, and may be taken apart in a few hours, and reput together on another site with entire facility. Having been taken apart, one may be packed in a small space, as the whole is in small sectional pieces, so as to be fitted for rebuilding, and for changing the form, or extending in either direction, or in the height, within a few hours, without preventing its use while being so altered or added to, and without loss of any of the material of the original building.

Selected Articles.

DISTINCTIONS IN ETIQUETTE.

Some years ago a London paper chronicled an amusing instance of the refinement of ceremony, in the case of two noblemen who went out from the metropolis to the coast of France to fight a duel, on account of a quarrel in a place where both would have blushed to be seen by their friends. After each had popped off a pistol at each other, without any damage ensuing, except to the ground about their feet, one of the parties made some explanation, which rendered further appeal to cold iron unnecessary. Upon this, the explainee was marched up to the explainer for the purpose of shaking hands with him. The latter begged leave to decline the proposed honor, but had no objection to *take off his hat* to the Noble Lord whose brains he had just been trying to shoot out—and accordingly he did doff his beaver, but did not shake hands.

The transaction affords a brilliant example of the extreme pitch of perfection to which civilization has attained in this "fast age," and exhibits an exquisite delicacy of distinction in the gradation of courtesy, which is susceptible of an extensive application.

When a speculator disinterestedly invites you to purchase a very valuable tract of timber land in some part of Maine which neither he nor any body else has ever seen—take off your hat, but do not shake hands.

When a candidate for office calls for the first time at your house, extols the beauty of your wife's baby, and whispers in your ear what "confounded fine things" he is going to do for you after he gets into Congress—if he invites you to "come and dine as often as possible" with him, take off your hat, but don't shake hands.

When you are offered by a merchant any great bargain, of the value of which you are utterly ignorant, but which you are to pay for at cash price "seeing it is you"—take off your hat, but don't shake hands.

When an undertaker (or embarrassed young men introduces you to a blue eyed, flaxen-haired, smirking vixen, with fifty thousand dollars, who wants to be married, but who has a red nose, a voice like the creaking of a dry axle-tree, and is afflicted by shocking *bonnetics*—retreat gracefully two steps, and deliberately take off your "tile," but do not shake hands.

When a modern financier offers to lend you money at twelve per cent., and at the same time asks you to drink with him—take off your hat, but don't shake hands.

When, having been completely skinned and "cleaned out" by sharpers at the gambling table, you find yourself in despair, walking briskly down to the harbor, with a full determination to cool your heated brain by going head foremost to the bottom of a dock, and when suddenly recollecting a more fashionable means of shuffling off your mortal coil, you turn back to your lodgings, and a loaded pistol—forget to take off your hat in your room—because of rashness; take off your hat in it, but don't, don't shake hands.

When a patient friend politely tells you to "go to the d—l," and you with unsuspecting confidence follow the advice, and find your castor most unceremoniously left on his sooty mantel, but grate your fingers about the tip of your nose, so as to imply that you cannot shake hands.

When a "smiling" friend, who is already staggering under the weight of several "strokes in his day," comes up to you, and, grinning from ear to ear again and again, with hiccups, that you and he "never had any difficulty," asks you to join him in a "snifter"—take off your hat, but by no means shake hands.

When, at a zoological exhibition, and the large Bengal tiger parts most lovingly in your face—take off your Oakford, by all means; but, unless you wish also to see "the elephant," do not think of squeezing his paw in your own.

When you are about to marry a widow, and are going to erect a press to forward a particular set of views, or to give *eclat* to your native village, and promise you vast quantities of fame and dollars to be gained in the undertaking—take off your hat to them, but don't shake hands.

When your next door neighbor rushes into your house, and requests the loan of your newspaper, just as you have sat down to read it—shake hands by all means. Always shake hands with a man who comes to borrow your newspaper.

STORY OF AN ALBATROS.

The annexed anecdote we find in a late number of the *Montreal Transcript* and it is, as therein noted, almost incredible. Nevertheless, apart from the guarantee of the writer who vouches for it, it is readily believed by those who have watched the bold swoops, and seen closely the prodigious power of the albatros on the wing.

The following most extraordinary circumstance is furnished in a letter from an officer of the 93rd regiment now in India, to a friend in Montreal. Whilst the division of the 93rd regiment to which the writer belonged was on its way to India, being at the time a short distance eastward of the Cape, one of the men was severely flogged for some slight offence. Maddened at the punishment the poor fellow was undergoing, he unclosed Sar, in the sight of all his comrades and the ship's crew, he sprang overboard. There was a high sea running at the time, and, as the man swept on astern, all hope of saving him seemed to vanish. Relief, however, was at hand, and a buoy was cast over in the attempt of looking for it before. During the delay incident on lowering a boat, and whilst the crowd on deck were watching the form of the soldier struggling with the boiling waves, and guessing every moment less distinct, a large albatros, such as are always found in those latitudes—coming like magic with an almost imperceptible motion—approached and made a swoop at the man, who in the agonies of the death struggle, seized it and held it firmly in his grasp, and by this means kept himself afloat. Incredible as this story seems, the name and position of the writer of the letter, who was an eye-witness of the scene, place its authenticity beyond a doubt. But for the assistance thus afforded, the writer adds, no power on earth could have saved the soldier, as, in consequence of the tremendous sea running, a long time elapsed before the boat could be manned and got down. All this time the man clinging to the bird whose fluttering and struggling to escape *bore him up.* What, after this, should despair? A raging sea—a drowning man,—an albatros; what eye could see calmly under such circumstances; or who will dare to call this chance? Is it not rather a lesson intended to stimulate Faith and Hope, and teach us never to despair, since, in the darkest moment, when the waves dash, and the winds roar, and a gulf seems closing over our heads—*there may be an Albatros near!*

THE HORSE.—The first mention of the horse in the Bible, is in Genesis xlvii. 17, and it places him in Egypt. This was the year of the world 2305. The horse is mentioned again, Gen. I. 9, A. M. 2315, and again in Exod. xxvi. 16, showing Egypt to have been the great place of breeding the animal. He was introduced into Persia about A. M. 3500, or 500 years before Christ. The name Persian is supposed to be derived from a Chaldaic word, *parash*, signifying a horseman.—*St. Louis Republican.*

THE ELEPHANT and lion are found on the Alps as high up as 9,000 feet. The goat of Caucasus blunders at the height of 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the Pamir sheep live at an elevation loftier than the granite peak of Mont Blanc.

THE LION-HAUNTED.

The lions of Africa, as they roam at large and rove for their prey amongst their native forests, or crouch in the deep gloom at noon day, are fearful to encounter. "Thou hamtest me like a fierce lion," said Job, ages gone by; but that passage finds a striking illustration in the following fearful story, which is related in "Moffat's Scenes in Southern Africa."

A man belonging to Mr. Schmolen's congregation at Bethany, returning homeward on a visit to his friends took a circuitous course in order to pass a pool, where he hoped to kill an antelope to carry home to his family. The sun had risen to some height by the time he reached the spot, and, seeing no game, he laid his gun down on a shelving low rock, the back of which was covered by a species of dwarf thorn bushes. He went to drink the water, took a hearty draught, and, being a little tired, fell asleep. In a short time, the heat reflected from the rock awoke him, and opening his eyes, he saw a large lion crouching before him, with his eyes glaring in his face, and within a little more than a yard of his feet. He sat motionless some minutes until he recovered his presence of mind; then eyeing his gun, moved his hand slowly towards it; the lion seeing him raised its head and gave a tremendous roar. He made another attempt, but, the gun being far beyond his reach, he gave it up, as the lion seemed well aware of his object, and was enraged whenever he attempted to move his hand. His situation now became painful in the extreme; the rock on which he sat became so hot that he could not bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them alternately one above the other.

The day passed, and night also, but the lion never moved from the spot. The sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling. At noon, the lion went and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, and looked behind him as he went, lest the man should move, and, seeing him stretch out his hand to take the gun, turned in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him. The animal went to the water, drank, and returning lay down again at the edge of the rock. Another night passed. The man, in describing it, said he knew not whether he slept, but if he did, it must have been with his eyes open, for he always saw the lion at his feet. Next day in vain he tried to entice the animal again to water, and while there, he listened to some noise, apparently from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes. The man made another effort and seized his gun, but on attempting to rise he fell, his ankles being without power. With his gun in his hand he crept towards the water and drank, but looking at his feet he saw, as he expressed it, his "toes roasted," and the skin tore off with the grass.

There he sat a few moments, expecting the lion's return, when he was resolved to send the contents of his gun through his head; but as he did not appear, the poor man, tying his gun to his back, made the best of his way on his hands and knees to the nearest path, hoping some solitary individual might pass. He could go no further, when happily a person came up, who took him to a place of safety, from whence he obtained help, though he lost his toes, and was a cripple for life.

APPROPRIATE SIGN.—About thirty years since, a gentleman of the legal profession, whom we will call D., located himself in one of the Eastern villages, and having procured an office, was in every way prepared for giving them "law and order," with the exception of a sign, which of course being necessary, he remarked to some friends that he must *look up* some. After carefully following the above remark, as one who heard it was passing a "rope-walk," he saw an old sign near the door, which he concluded might be full as appropriate in another place, and accordingly took it to D.'s office and placed it in the usual place. The next day as D. was in his office he noticed that he received rather more than his share of attention from those passing, and on going out, as he casually turned his head, what should he see but the following laconic inscription directly over the door, in large letters: "ALL SORTS AND TWENTING DOWN MADE." It is unnecessary to add, that although his sign was removed, D. proved to be a very successful advocate in the halls of justice.

For Housekeepers.

A NICE WAY OF COOKING ASPARAGUS.—Where asparagus is plenty, there is no better way of cooking it than the following:—Take it as nearly of a size as possible, wash it, and cut off the stocks very short; leaving them not more than half an inch long. Two quarts of water will be sufficient to boil one quart of asparagus tops; allow a tea-spoonful of salt to this quantity of water, and set it over the fire to boil. When the water is boiling hard, put in the asparagus; and boil it fast for twenty minutes. To see if it is done, take up two or three of the largest pieces and taste them. While it is boiling, prepare two slices of bread cut half an inch thick, and (having removed the crust) toast the bread of both sides, and put it in a dish; pour the melted (or drawn) fresh butter. When the asparagus is done, take it up with a perforated skimmer, and lay it on a sieve to drain. Dip the slices of toast one at a time first in the hot asparagus water, then in the melted butter. Lay the slices side by side, in a deep dish and cover it with the asparagus, laid evenly over and round the toast. Then add the remainder of the drawn butter, and send the asparagus to table hot, in a covered dish.

This is a much nicer way than that of boiling and serving it up with the long stalks left on. And where you have asparagus in abundance, (for instance in a country garden,) it may always be cooked in this manner.

NAMING.—From the receipt of MR. N. Darling, of New Haven.

FARMER WAY OF DRESSING ASPARAGUS.—Having boiled the asparagus tops as above; drain them on a sieve, and put them into a deep dish with a large piece of melted butter. Mix the butter well among the asparagus, till it is melted throughout, and sprinkle in (if you like) a very little pepper. Cover the dish, and keep it hot by the fire until it is time to send it to table. You may also have ready boiled two thin slices of toast, spread over with butter, after being first dipped in the asparagus water.

Another way is to substitute salad oil for butter, mixed among the asparagus.

SALAD.—Some of the tenderer eggs quite hard. Mince and fry in fresh butter five or six onions. Mince (whites and yolks together) ten of the eggs, reserving two for the seasoning. Drain the sliced onions, and lay them on a dish with the sliced eggs placed upon them. Cover the dish and keep it hot. Take the two remaining eggs; grate the yolks; and mix them with cream and grated nutmeg, and a very little cayenne. Put this mixture into a very small sauce pan; give it one boil up; pour it over the eggs and